M. W. H.

An American Scholar's Correst PERST ARTICLE.

The first volume of The Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh, compiled by Caro-LIME CRANE MARSH (Scribners), offers us a blography of the eminent philologist from his birth in 1801 to 1861, when he was appointed Minister to Italy. For a second volume are reserved the scientific and literary achieveents of his later years, as well as the record or his political and social experiences in Florence and Rome during the most momen-As regards the work of the editor, it will suffice to say that it has been pered with singular discretion and mode ty. her aim manifestly being to allow the subject memoir to tell his own story as far as possible through his extant letters, and to supply only such a thread of narrative and com ment as should be needed to make the correspondence intelligible. Care has at the same time been taken to expunge such personal allusions, made in the freedom of confidential communication, as might wound the persons criticised or their surviving relatives.

Joseph Marsh, the grandfather of the man whose life and letters are here presented, was Colonel in the Revolutionery war, and the first Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont. married a sister of Jeremiah Mason. His son. Charles Marsh, was appointed United States trict Attorney by President Washington, and sent to the House of Representatives in 1815. He married a daughter of Dr. Elisha Perkins of Plainfield, Conn., and their second sen, George Perkins Marsh, was born at Woodstock, Vermont, March 15, 1801.

How early and with what distinctness his thirst for knowledge showed itself, appears from the following incident: His mother, it ems, "in her later years, often told her intimate friends that at the age of seven it was the habit of her son George to take down a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which he could scarcely lift, lay it open on the floor, and, leaning over it on his elbows, read for hours at When these readings were too proconged the volume was sometimes taken from him, and he was sent out to play. After a few experiences of this kind the book was no longer brought into his mother's room, and she, suping the child had lost his fancy for it, thought no more of it for months. Passing, however, one day through an unfre-quented hall, she saw the boy lying the table in the old posture, poring in the imperfect light over one of his favorite volumes. This had no doubt been going on for a long time, and here was the explanation of the pain in his head and eyes, from which he had been suffering for some weeks." The injury to his eyes seems to have been permanent, for it was not until the age of 11 that he was allowed to read with any freedom. having up to that time received his lessons vivs voce. In the meanwhile he had become so mear-sighted as to be compelled to use glasses for reading and for every other purpose. "He once, long afterward, told a friend what grief he felt on discovering one day that he could scarcely make out the general form of a clearingon a mountain side, where, a few months before, he had watched from his father's door the woodmen at their work."

With the exception of a few months passed at Phillips Andover Academy the education of young Marsh was obtained at home from his father and elder brother, until, in 1816, he entered the freshman class at Dartmouth College. His close attention to the regular curriculum (which then at Dartmouth, as at most an colleges, was mainly confined to the Latin and Greek classics and mathematics) is proved by the fact that although one of the youngest members of his class he experienced no difficulty in graduating with the highest honors. That even at this time, however, his own studies were from bills, found among his papers, for books purchased. "Among these are the following Lusiad, Gerusalemme, Dante, Pastor Fido o. Dictionnaire Portugais-Français Italian Grammar, Cartas Marruecas, Fabulas Literarias de Yriarte, Spanish Dictionary Portuguese Grammar, Italian-English Die tionary." As to his proficiency in Greek, we are told on the authority of one of his class-mates that "when he left college he read the Greek poets and historians with as much ease as an ordinary man would read a newspaper. To those who are themselves Greek scholars this assertion may seem somewhat exacgerated, but it at all events implies that his scholastic attainments were much above the average at Dartmouth in his time. After graduation, young Marsh began the study of the law, and, having been admitted to the bar in 1825, entered on professional practice in Burlington. Here it may be said that, although he proved a sound and able lawyer, and was so effective a public speaker as to be thrice called upon to represent his district in Congress, it was only with reluctance that he subtracted from the pursuits of science and literature the time expended on his professional and political life. Had he inherited means ade quate to the support of himself and of a famfly, he would have wholly devoted himself to study and research. Yet in that case he would have missed some opportunities for observing contemporary events which his diplomatic posts afforded him, and which, as those letters ow, were turned to great account.

It was seemingly during the early years of his professional career at Burlington that Marsh was first attracted to the languages of northern Europe. "As early as 1832 he was in frequent correspondence with Prof. C. C. Rafn. the eminent antiquarian of the University of Copenhagen. . . In the course of 1838 he printed an Icelandic grammar, chiefly compiled from a work of Lask. This grammar, intended from the beginning for private circulation only. was found to be so full of typographical errors that every copy required many hundred corrections with a pen. This was too delicate a task for the author's eyes, and it was also one that he could not delegate to another. From time to time he corrected a single copy for a friend, but, as a rule, he did not even send this grammar to the institutions of learning for which it was especially designed. Grouping together various allusions to Scandinavian studies, we may mention that January Mr. Marsh published in the Whig Review an article on the Atlantica of Olaf Rudbook. This article consisted in a large part of translations, either of Swedish critical notices of the work or of copious extracts from the work itself. • • • In March of the same year appeared another article from his pen containing a notice of 'The Life and Works of the Painter Hörberg." A surious effect of his keen interest in Norse history and literature may be recognized in th title of a lecture delivered in 1843, "The Goths in New England." This lecture did not deal, as the reader might imagine, with the early American discoveries of the Northmen, but developed the theory that "England is Gothic by birth. Roman by adoption. Whatever she has of true moral grandeur, of higher intellectual power, she owes to the Gothic was the spirit of the Goths that guided the Mayflower across the trackless ocean, the blood of the Goth that flowed at Bunker Hills" Marsh's view, in fine, was that our forefathers belonged to that grand era in British history when the English mind, under the impulse of the Reformation, was striving to recover its Gothic tendencies by the climina tion of the Roman element." There is, obviously, a good deal to be said against this hy pothesis, but they who recall the attitude of interior New England toward the Roman Catholic Church in the fifth decade of this century will not be surprised to learn that this discourse had not a little to do with promoting Marsh's nomination and election to Congress. Let us go back now and note some of Mursh's

other predilections and occupations in the of early manhood, and also, with the help of his blographer, try to form some notion of his personal appearance and habits of work at this time. It was about 1839 that he "conceived the idea of making a collection of en-

and the state of t

gravings that should Illustrate the history of the art. To a very small beginning additions were gradually made, until in 1849 it was admitten to be one of the largest and finest collections of the kind then existing in the coun try, and superior, probably, to every other as exhibiting chronologically the progressive stages in the history of the art." [This collection was sold to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, but, seems to have met with inexcusable neglect.) His turn for mechanics which had been pronounced in youth, was also indulged occasionally when he could find leisure. "His friends still possess specimens of his work in wood, ginss, steel, and brass, that would do no discredit to a craftsman skilled in the handling of these materials. While engaged in recreations of this kind he was often heard to say: 'I am afraid my father made a mistake in turning me out an indifferent lawyer instead of a really good mechanic." On page 29 we find this portrait of him as he looked in his thirty-seventh year: "His physleal powers were now in their fullest vicor, and he had little the appearance of a close student. The tall and slender aspect which his six feet of stature gave him in his early youth had disappeared in the development of full, strong muscles, and his firm step and erect bearing conveyed the impression of great bodily strength, which in fact he possessed. His habitual expression was grave; the firm-set mouth might even be called storn; and his enracest gray eyes always seemed to look through the object they were rest-

ing on. There was, in short, an intense personality about him, which inspired all who knew him with respect, and many who did not know him with something very like fear." But "under this caluaself-contained exterior there was an over-flowing fountain of kindly humor and good will to men. His sympathy for the so-called lower classes was strong and active, and his hand was always open to the honest, needy poor. If the sons or daughters of indigent parents were aiming at a higher education than the family circumstances would per mit, they never failed to receive encouragement and help from him. But it was well understood that his insight was keen, and that he did not spare rebukes where they were merited; and consequently he was little sought after by question able characters, whatever might be their social position." He said himself: "Almost the only trait in my character which gives me any selfcomplacency is that I never esteem any man the less for thinking evil of me, though unfortunately I am obliged to confess that I do soundly hate a good many who do not hate me. His habits of work at Burlington are thus iescribed: "He rose habitually at a very early hour, lighted a fire for himself in the little cabinet which he did not dignify with the name of a study, and was ready for reading or writing by 5 o'clock alike in summer and winter. When artificial light was required he occupied himself with some volume of exceptionally good type until full daylight. It was his custom to keep on his reading table some half dozen volumes at a time, usually in different languages, and he seldom read more than an hour in any one book or on any one subject, unless actually studying that subject. At 8 he breakfasted, after which he went at once to his office. where he remained till 1 o'clock, when he returned home for his country dinner. Soon after 2 he went again to the office for a couple of hours; but his evenings were invariably given to his family. Then he read and did nothing that they could not share in. The ordinary interruptions of domestic life, so trying to preoccupied men, never seemed to annoy him, and the endless questions of his little boy were always answered without a sign of impatience. Outside interruptions he bore less complacently. The client who made him a business visit at his own house, if by any accident admitted at all, was

example if his interlocutor did not of himself discover when the conversation was ended." When George Marsh entered Congress as a Whig in December, 1843, Calhoun, Benton, and Choate were members of the Senate, to which Clay and Webster were to return in 1845. In the House were John Q. Adams, R. C. Winthrop. J. R. Ingersoll, and A. H. Stephens, who were to be joined in 1846 by Jefferson Davis. We are told that with Mr. Adams "his intercours soon became easy and friendly. For Mr. Webster he had the admiration which that great man could never fall to inspire, and he always accepted an invitation from him with pleasure; but he constitutionally shrank from seeking the society of any man who had a large following, and consequently the acquaintance was but a superficial one." Mr. Choate, as a fellow graduate the opportunity now afforded of frequently en-joying the society of this brilliant friend was source of great satisfaction." Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Ingersoll seem to have been the members of the House with whom Mr. Marsh was on most confidential terms.

From some incidents recounted in this biog-

likely to meet with a reception so cool as not to encourage a second intrusion. Time for him

had an inestimable value, and even in his office

he was apt to rise from his own chair by way of

raphy it seems that the relations of Southern to Northern men in Washington were almost as unpleasant in 1844 as they were ten years later. "The first morning after his arrival at his lodgings Mr. Marsh found himself seated at the breakfast table with a colleague from New England on his right, an old Verment friend on his left, and three Southern gentlemen opposite, one of whom was a young gentleman from Baltimore, of ill-fated memory since. This young man was looking over a newspaper and commenting aloud upon various para-graphs, all evidently for the benefit of those sitting opposite to him. It would be difficult to imagine language more insulting to the North than that used by this young Baltimorean. The Northern ladies present kept quiet only long enough to reach their own apartments. and when there they asked their lords with some earnestness if they supposed such language to be a part of the menu through the winter. (It is probable that, speaking in 1844, they said not menu, but bill of fare.] The cooler sex calmly replied that 'an ill-bred boy was not to be heeded,' &c., but they could not altogether conceal their own indignation." Of the next experience of the kind the White House was the scene. "In the course of the first month after Mr. Marsh's arrived in Washington he and his family were invited to an informal weekly reception given by Mrs. Robert Tyler, the daughter-in-law of the President. The little party were most courteously received by the hostess and the ladies seated near her. A gentleman who had been previously talking with Mrs. Tyler then resumed his conversation: 'I am astonished to hear you, madam, a Virginia lady, say that you like the North.' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Tyler, 'I have the bad taste to be very fond of the North. I like the people, and I even prefer the cli-mate to any further south than Virginia.' How is that possible? Why, in New Orieans, for instance, we have no winter, and we have green peas and straw-berries all through the so-called winter months.' 'No doubt,' said the lady, laughing.
'but I like winter, and I don't like green peas and strawberries in the winter months; sides. I have heard of other things in New Orleans even less agreeable-yellow fever, for example.' 'Yellow fever!' exclaimed the gentleman (of some notoriety a few years later). 'Yellow fever is the greatest blessing we have. It kills off the cursed Yankees for us.' Mrs. Tyler fixed him for an instant with a stare of amazement: then rising and turning from him with unmistakable meaning, she said to the ladies near her: 'Will you come with me into the next room? I would like to show you a portrait of the President, just finished by

effective on that account. But even in Washington, although Mr. Marsh was punctual and sealous in the discharge of his public duties distasteful as they were to a man who was by nature and habit a scholar rather than a politician-he managed to devote a good deal of time to literature, particularly that of Ger-many. "After the weary and often dreary work of the day Mr. Marsh generally selected the lighter German writers, or at least such as may be read in a more fragmentary way, Tleck's fine humor charmed him; Jean Paul's brilliant flashes still more. He had a keen relish for Gorman poetry from the earliest to the latest, from the loftiest to the simplest, from the 'Nibelungen Lied' to the last romantic ballad, from Goethe's 'Faust' to Mathison's Wascherinn.' There was no school that did not give him something of its own; and he had small patience with the criticism which cannot praise the object of its worship without easting contempt elsewhere. No one could more admire the overmastering genius of Goethe, but his morality, or rather his utter want of morulity, his profound, all-pervading egoism, detracted greatly from Mr. Marsh's enjoyment of his prose works especially, and all the explanations, apologies, and justifications offered by the elequent reviewers and biographers of this almost superhumanly gifted German could never make the New England Puritan admit more by way of extenuation than the sublimity of his solfishness,"

Mr. Marsh was three times elected to Congress, but on the third occasion (1843) his seat was imperilled by the extreme unpopularity in the free States of Gen. Taylor, who was then running for the Presidency. Even that close contest seems to have imposed no expenditure upon him. That was how things were ordered forty years ago in Vermont. "When an English friend inquired of Mr. Marsh in 1850 how much his Congressional elections had cost him. his answer was: 'Not so much as a glass of wine. I never asked a man to my house for the sake of his vote, nor, so far as I can now remember, did I ever do any man any service with that end in view. In my State such things are not necessary.""

After the election of Taylor to the Presidency Mr. Marsh, although just returned for a third time to the House of Representatives. made no secret of his wish for a diplomatic appointment abroad, as, owing to the failure of some investments, he was now convinced that this offered him the only chance of visiting Europe for many years to come. He was vigorously seconded by the leading men of his own State, and in May, 1849, he was nominated Minister to Turkey. Four months later he left New York in a sailing packet, which he had been advised to take rather than a steamer, and, after a month's voyage, he renched Havre late in October. It is interesting to note that although he was able to spend only two or three weeks in Parls on his way to Constantinople, and although the coup d'état of Dec. 2, 1851, was more than two years distant, Mr. Marsh conceived a profound distrust and dislike of Louis Napoleon. Even at this time, too, dark as were the prospects of Italy betrayed by France and strangled by Austria, his journey through the Peninsula planted in him the conviction that its people were destined to become a free and united nation.

Soon after his arrival at his post Mr. Marsh settled himself in a house at Therapia, on the banks of the Bosporus, about twelve miles from Constantinople. Of this house, by the way, there is a captivating description on pages 162-63. During the next four years the United States was represented at the court of the Sultan by a Minister who, if he brought with him no acquaintance with the Turkish language, at least needed no interpreter in order to transact business in Greek, French, German, or Italian.

Mr. Marsh obtained leave to pass the winter of 1850-51 in Egypt, and in a letter to an English friend gives an account of his journey from Stamboul to Cairo. In another letter, describing a visit to Luxor, he distributes the responsibility for the injury done by successive invasions to Egyptian monuments with an accuracy that surprises one who remembers the pinions current on the subject at the time. The Persians seem," he says, "to have ommitted the greatest devastations, and the Romans, if they did not destroy temples, at made a very unscrupulous use of those which former conquerors had overthrown. The Arabs do not seem to have been actuated by the same destructive spirit as their Turkish brothren lit was, however, the Arabs that built Cairo out of the ruins of Memphisl, and the Ottomans, at the time of their conquest of Egypt in the sixteenth century, must have found these monuments very nearly as the Persians had left them twenty centuries before." He adds that "even the Osmanlies have here shown much less of their characteristic destructiveness than they did in their warfare with the Christians."

At Thobes, he tells a correspondent, he lodged in a house built of unburnt brick from ruins I know not how many thousand years old, its doors and window shutters (for glass it has none) made of painted mummy cases (whose late occupants stripped of their cerements are ranged in a row against the court yard wall facing us) perched among the tombs in the great cemetery excavated on the eastern slope of the Libyan chain and overlooking the Memnonium, the Colossi, the great plain of Thebes, Luxor, Karnac, and a long. long reach of the yellow Nile." It is plain from another letter that while at Thebes Mr. Marsh did not accept without verification the dicta of others, but made for himself a careful study of the Egyptian sculptures and wall paintings.

A curious experience is chronieled at Cairo. After returning from their journey to Upper Egypt Mr. Marsh and another member of his party, a Miss Paine, found themselves complotely disabled by severe sprains which the surgical skill of the Frank doctors proved nowerless to remedy. They were assured by their dragoman that an Arab miracle worker of his acquaintance could cure the sprains at once. and they finally determined to call on the inheritor of the secrets of the Pharnohs. So the dragoman presented himself, "bringing with him the most extraordinary looking creature that can well be imagined. He was searce five feet in height, and was clad in a single garment of blue cotton fastened about the waist with a leather belt. His old withered face was lighted up by one eye only, and that seemed but half open, while nothing about his person would have led one to believe that the waters of the broad Nile were within reach. There was an unmistakable look of mortification on the part of those who had consented to summon this Æsculapius, but there was no hope for it now. At this moment a visitor was announced to Mr. Marsh, and the lady, therefore, was the first to prove the wild man's skill. He examined the injured foot, placed it in warm water, dipped his own fingers in olive off, and rubbed and pressed the foot very gently for about twenty minutes. He then carefully dried it, and bade his patient walk. She hesitated, having suffered so much and so long from every effort of that kind, but an imperative 'Imsheh, imsheh!' decided her. She placed her foot firmly on the floor and took a step-another, and another, and still no pain. In a few minutes she was in the street, and after strolling some hours among the bazaars of the city, returned without the least feeling of discomfort. The cure was perfect and permanent."

Meanwhile Mr. Marsh received equally convincing proof of the powers of the Arabian phy-His foot and ankle, which were both badly swollen and discolored, were very sensitive to the manipulation and especially to the energetic pulling, which in his case was a part of the treatment, and at the end of three-quarthe next room? I would like to show you a portrait of the President, just finished by Healy."

With the President, just finished by Healy."

With the Whig party, to which he belonged, Mr. Marsh was opposed to the annexation of Texas, and accordingly, in January, 1844, we find him making an earnest speech against that project. In view of the warmth of his feeling on the question of the extension of slavery, his language on this occasion was not ticeably moderate and apparently the more

day or two. which, however, did not in the least In another notice of this book we shall touch upon the interesting topics discussed in the 200 pages which cover the ten years preceding 1861, when Mr. Marsh was appointed Minister

to Italy.

ROOK NOTES.

"The Star of India," by Edward S. Ellis (Frank A. Munsey), is a dramatic and well-told story, illustrating the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny of 1857. Incidentally the author pay a striking tribute to the courage and fidelity of the native converts to Christianity.

Under the title of "The Brown-Stone Boy and Other Queer People" Cassell & Co. publish half a dozen humorous and eccentric stories by William Henry Bishop, author of that capital novel. "The Golden Justice." The title story is an original and somewhat pathetic study of a type of character unfortunately too often encountered in large cities.

J. Stillman Smith & Co. send us reprints of Edward E. Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" and other tales, illustrating the character and good works of the late Frederick William Greeniesf. The main idea of these productions is to encourage, by a simple process of club association, the growth of a higher spirit-

Under the title of "Mr. Crowley of Central Park " H. F. Clinton publishes a lively account of a member of the chimpanzee family of anes, whose growth and habits have for several years provided a never-failing source of amusoment and interest to old and young inhabitants of New York. The volume also gives a sketch of Miss Kitty Banana, who is supposed to be his destined bride.

On the 21st of this month George A. Leavitt & Co, will sell at auction the third part of the valuable library of Hispano-American books collected by Mr. L. del Monte, and others of his family. They embrace such subjects as discoveries, voyages and navigation; jurisprudence, archeology, antiquities and history; and among the choice works to be disposed of will se found original and complete editions of the 'Nuevas Leyes" (1543), the first collection of printed laws regulating the New World, the Puga" collection of Mexican laws (1563), and many others dear to the bibliographer.

Although Prof. Richard T. Elyof Johns Hopkins University calls his " Taxation in American States and Cities" (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.) merely a popular work, not complete or exhaustive enough to satisfy the demands of the specialist, the reader will find that he has crowded into a volume of more than 500 pages a vast amount of useful information. After a general introduction he discusses taxation as it is, taxation as it should be, Constitutional provisions, statistical information, and miscollaneous matters. While these subjects are uniformly treated with candor and intelligence, the chapters on "Taxation as it should be" will doubtless, and with good reason, attract most attention. They express in direct and simple language many ideas worthy of serious consideration.

Books on subjects connected with the public revenue seem to be in order at the present moment, and the latest additions to the list of such publications are "The National Revenues," edited by Albert Shaw, and "Is Pro tection a Benefit?" by Edward Taylor (A. C. McClurg & Co.) The first consists of a collection of papers by American economists, all of whom are in favor of such changes in the revenue system of the United States Government as will result in a material reduction of ordinary revenue. The writers are mostly thorough-going free traders, and express the wellknown views of such economists. The following passage in the second volume illustrates with sufficient distinctness the views entertained by the author: "When our people shall see with clearness that protection is an evil morally as well as financially, the system will totter to its fall." Both works are written with

"The Social Influence of Christianity" (Silver. Burdett & Co.) is the title bestowed upon a series of lectures delivered by David J. Hill be fore the Newton (Mass.) Theological Institute in 1887. He examines the relation of Chris tianity to the leading problems of society, and maintains that this relation carries the master key that unlocks every one of them, that master key being Christ's conception of man.
"Let all that Christ has taught," he says, "be admitted; lot it be assumed that each personal being is endowed with inherent rights and immortal life; let it be conceded that the human brotherhood is linked together under the laws of a moral order and the providence of a beneficent Father, and an ideal state will be recognized among men." And he predicts that it ever an ideal order is realized by humanity, it will be under the leadership of the Christian conception of man, and will require that for basis. From his neculiar point of view th author argues with force, judicial clearness, and impartiality, and, as many of his readers will claim, with invincible logic.

In the "Handbook of the Lick Observatory." published by the Bancroft Company, San Francisco, Dr. Edward S. Holden, the director of the observatory, has given a very complete, though succinct account of the history of James Lick's great gift to science, and has also furnished a large amount of interesting information about the great telescope on Mount Hamilton, and other telescopes. What he says of the powers of the 36-inch lens is calculated to whet the appetite not only of visitors to the observatory, but of everybody who likes to hear news from the sky. "What we cannot see with our telescope, the most powerful of all, in our elevated situation, the best in the world, need not be looked for with inferior telescopes in less favored situations." It is a matter for regret that so much of Mr. Lick's gift of \$700,000 had to be expended in levelling off and preparing the top of Mount Hamilton, and erecting and housing the great telescope and its accessories, that the fund remaining is too small to constitute a proper endowment for earrying on the work that this unrivalled observatory ought, and was intended to do.

Mr. Henry Drummond, author of "Tropical

Africa" (Scribner & Welford), believes that great books of travel have had their day, and that "small books, with the larger features of a country lightly sketched, and just enough of a narrative to make you feel that you are really there," are what the great body of readers demand. He has illustrated this idea so felicitously in the volume before us that it would be difficult to name any work in the English language, which, within equally brief limits, has given a more graphic and comprehensive an account of a country so extensive as east central Africa. He made the journey from the African coast, near the mouth of the Zambezi, to Lake Nyassa and the plateau between that body of water and Lake Tanganyika, and back again, as an observer of the scenery, climate, and natural history of this region, rather than as an explorer. In fact, he travelled a rather well-beaten path, and the impressions of the country which he so clearly conveys to his readers are much more likely to prove permanent than if he had employed three large volumes and an elaborate diary to detail them. The aspect of the heart of Africa, the country and the people, the horrors of the slave trade, which he calls the "heart disease of Africa." the habits of insects, reptiles, birds, and boasts are all described in the most entertaining but exact manner. Two or three hours' reading will put one in possession of the chief facts essential to be known. His colored slave trade map alone, showing the routes into the interior taken by the Arab dealers in human beings, and the regions depopulated and laid waste by them. is equivalent to whole chapters of reading matter. Equally emphatic are his conclusions that with the approaching extinction of Africa's

POEMS WORTH READING. The Open Senson

From the Boston Courter The swallow the marge of the river is skimming.
The dalaies and buttercups gentning the leas.
The robus and binebirds their chorals are hymning.
And blessoms like snowfakes descend from the trees The maiden is wearing a bright Dolly Varden. In which many conquests she's certain to make 'Tie her season for diriling, and oft in the garden, When twilight is falling, she's seen with a rake.

For ornaments wives husbands' overcoats barter, And maniable are spletidld with vases and things large streampteries sell at three quarts for a quarter And boarders are tiving in clover, by jings Now opens for boyhood the glad swimming season, And home in the evening the urchin doth go with his shirt inside out, without ever a reason His mother to satisfy why it is so.

The hammock is burg on the cottage veranda.

And there doth the beautiful maden recline.

And dream of a over with sheekels to squander.

While her mother is hanging the wash on the line. O season delicious! we've longed for thy coming.
We've longed for thy sunstine and beautiful sales.
At last we have go! em. and business is humming
With merchants who freely their goods advertise!

The Divine Post.

Whatever lacks purpose is evil, a pool without pebbles Not any one step bath chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of time:

Nor ever came good without labor, in toll, er in science, or art; It must be wrought out through the muscles, born out of the soul and the hear.

Why plough in the hear.

Why plough in the stubble with ploughshares, why winnow the chaff from the grain?

Ah, since all of lies gifts must be toiled for, since truth is not born without pain?

He give it not to the unworthy, the weak or the foolish in deeds: in deeds;
Who giveth but chaff at the seed time shall reap but a harvest of weeds.

As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwhiles to nonether that his forgotten; His poem is man without that his forgotten; His poem is man whatever his trought with a purpose, in humbleness to the Master of Singers. He toucheth it, eaying "Endure" CHAR J. O'MALLEY.

Two Singers. From the Catholic World,

"Would I could sing a song," a poet said,
"And let the tears that all earth's suffering ones have
seed.

Run trembling down my voice.
With children's gine when happy hours are sped,
And arrong men's sish at some regretted choice,
And singled grouns of all the world's oppressed.
And me'm's laughter mingled with the rest:
Then would immortal fame to me belong!
All men could hear their own lives' echoes in my song!"

"Ah! why should men weep twice." another said,
"First o er a wrong, then at the wrong remembered?
Oh! let me wing instead
A glorious strain that will make men forget
Lifes womats and scourges, and its black regret,
And long for heaven with such intensity
That heaven in their own hearts will come to be.
Time's makey, hammer might assail in vain.
They could not beat to assing silence that retrain!"

Making Shoes.

From the Youth's Companion. Prom the Fourth's Companion.

In his little hut by the rocky shorn.

Where the waters ever will changing hues of the short he waters ever will changing hues of the short had been dead to the short had been dead

Rest comes after the work is done?"
Through the window, glistening far away,
lie watches the white sails out at sea
As they slowly fade from the shining bay,
Chased out by the west wind ight and free;
As well out by the west wind ight and free;
As well out by the west wind ight and free;
Whith the glistening suits where the sea guil floss.
And he sings, with his beart of the harbor bar:
"Pegging eway,
All the long day,
White sails diffting across the sea;
Tides obt and flow,
Bays come and go,
Voyage soon over for you and me!"

Voyage soon over for you and me!"

He turns to his work, and his rough old hands,
As honest as human hands can be.
Draw the man his soon has been a soon and a strength of the strong and strength of the strong a

And thus he tolk while the days go by.
Epring turns to summer along the shore.
The summers facts whiles the headlands o'er;
And, day by day, as the eassons run.
He sings and tolks in a thoughful use.
His thread near wasted, work almost dome,
An old man fashioning babies' shoes:
"Pegging away
All the long day.
Shine and shadow, and spring and fall;
Taigs ebb and flow,
Men couns and go;

God the Father is over all!" J. S. CUILER.

The Old Rall Fence.

From America.

Let others in their song rehearse
The beauties they may see.
And build a monument in verse;
So that if fitting be.
But I will raise my voice to sing
A fact without presence.
That much desplect, old-fashioned thing,
The bomely old rail fence.

What would our dreams of chilhood be Without its zignar path? And there what flowers we used to see Before the afterinath? The fleids are there; like grass ablaze The dreweed flaunts from thence, but almost gone from out our gaze

The rapid march of progress has
Erased the landmarks old;
It is to-day a thing that was.
A story that is fold.
The pruning kinfe of Time has cut,
With energy intense,
With other childhood relica, out
The honored old rail fence.

It was the squirrel's safe retreat;
The chipmunk's chattering oft.
Made us advance with harrying feet.
Where he was perched aloft.
There Nature's stored her wealth away.
And oft we carried thence.
A thousand Jewels in a day.
Found by the old rail fence.

Arbutus mulicin golden rod, Felt its protection care Felt its protecting care, And though with hands full home we trod, We had a world to spare. Life gives, I know, so much to-day We have I know, so make The past to recompense.
But with sweet inemories laid away I keep the old rail tenos.

A Paradex. From the Somerville Journal

She is so fair! her dimpled cheek.
Her bright, deep eyes, that almost speak,
Her steinter figure, full of grace,
The sweathers of ther fair young face.
Her safe thrown hair.
The contour of her rounded arm,
Have for me a resisting charm;
She is so fair!

But when at times she plays croques, Or billiards, as she dut to-day, Or in that game of love takes part In which she knows I've staked my heart. I must beware: She's just as lovely, just as sweet, But if there comes a chance to chest, She's not so fair !

In Love. From Tid-Bits.

Her ways are different lately, ther hunther an ered quite. Her votes has affected greatly, ther too has affected greatly, ther too hereof seedately. And dreams from moon to night.

Sha's wiiful wild capriciona Hard yielding gay distraits. She rails with accents victous Against the married state. And then, with grief suspiciona Fities the oclibate. Her cheeks are tinged with blushes When no one's there to see; At times away she brushes A teardrop hastily. Then sofily sings, and thrushes sing not more tenderly.

She frowns upon firstions, in gosete puts her ban; Accepts few teritations, These only from one man. Her tollet preparations Are modelled on his plan.

Reports of his devotion She'll earnestly disclaim She'll carnestly disclaim.
And hints of soft emotion
Will set her eyes affaine;
But still I have a notion
She soon will change her name.

A Tryat. From the Judge.

Alone she waits for me,
Oh, heart be still!
Only the field to cross
And then the hill.

And then her eyes, soft charm
My eyes will meet
With welcome glad and warm,
And chiding sweet

Across the sunny road
Lone shadows lie:
The birds sing overhead.
The breese goes by
Ladan with clover breath,
With summer dreams!
Sweetheart, how far and far
The distance seems! I mount the hill at last; There in the shade Near where the cross-roads in Our tryst was made. I see her robe of white, I

SOMETHING ABOUT STATE SENATORS. MRS, SHERWOOD'S IDEAL GENTLEMAN, A Thoughtful Idea of What Makes a Man The Men Who Have Served Long Terms

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cise in the manners of to-day.

even if he have no distinction.

will tell him all the proper observances and the

duty of being a conventional gentleman. He

assumes a virtue if he have it not, and is

courteous and tender to the old, the feeble, the

humble. Noblesse oblige is his motto, and his

no man need be a snob, but every man should be a gentleman.

The old adage that it takes three genera

Of all the Senate and the Assembly dis Both in the ranks of the workers and in the tricts in the State the Westchester county ranks of society we still find the ideal gentle-Senate district has been most steadfast in its representation. For nine terms, or since the man. We are charmed with the good breeding which we discover in the humblest as well as time that William M. Tweed was Senator in the earliest part of the seventies. Westchester in the highest ranks of American society. We find in every class in college some naturalcounty has sent only two men to represent it in the Senate. One is William Hosea Robertborn gentleman, and in every profession, every branch of industry, there is a man with a good son, the bow-legged Bismarck of Katonah, who heart, modest, unselfish, and noble, who is not thinking of himself, but of that mother whom has held almost every office there is except President, Governor, or United States Senator He has been Assemblyman, County Judge, he hopes to support. He is working for her and elector, Congressman, Collector of the Port of not for himself; he begins thus to find the New York, and President pro tempore of the road to fame and honor. In the banking house, State Sonate. He was in the Senate in the dry goods store, in the rallway office, do we look for the "coming gentleman," the man 1854, and before several members of the preswho is not working for himself but for some ent Senate were born. In 1872 he started on a ten-year Senatorial term. In 1881 he withdrew and became Collector of the Port. Henry C. Nelson, a Democrat, served That cultivation, which is the parent of good manners, is, however, necessarily left out of three terms, and Judge Robertson is now the training of such a young man. He has got to do it all himself; he must make himself a in his old seat, making his seventh term. Henry conventional gentleman. If a man is a scholar, C. Nelson was in the Assembly of 1868, repre-

senting the district that has since been electa thinker, a reader, manners will come to him even if, like Burns, he starts from the plough. ing Gen. James William Husted. There is no but if he has to work he must think of his other district in the State that comes up to manners. There are no such books of etiquette as the classics in all languages. A student of this, though there is one more that comes near it. Only two Senators in eighteen years is a Shakespeare will not remain a boor. Horace. better record than many churches make with Milton, Racine, and Molière produced no vultheir pastors.

Next to the Westchester district, which is now gar upstarts. It is the insincerity of culture known as the Twelfth, though under the former and of breeding which makes the vulgar man: a real culture will make a conventional gentleapportionment it was the Ninth, is the Fourth Brooklyn district, which before 1880 was the man. And finding thus, many gentlemen in the class which has not been corrupted by Third. Since 1874 this district has had only fashion, we also find sometimes the ideal in two Senators, John C. Jacobs, Democrat, and good society. Fashion and idleness have not Jacob Worth, Bepublican, Their respective produced so good a crop of young men as could be desired, but the false aims, the length of service is the reverse of the Westchester district, as the Democrat served six glittering prizes have not vet dazzied all men terms and the Republican is now serving his out of the true and ideal good breeding. There second. The district is naturally Democratic, is such a thing as an Admirable Crichton, a as is the Westchester district, but the Demoman who can think, read, study, work, and cratic majorities were reversed by a bolt still be a "jeunesse dorée," one of the curled of Nelson's friends and the aqueduct influence in Westchester county, and by and perfumed darlings of wealth and fashion. He can go through the flerce fires of socia Worth's alliance with the German beer sellers in competition, temptation, and pursuit of pleas-Brooklyn. John C. Jacobs represented this disure without being scorched. All men are not trict uninterruptedly from 1874 to 1886. He ignoble, although some are. But it is not to be had been Assemblymen previously from the denied that the breeding and manners of the Ninth Brooklyn district, beginning in 1867 and young men of fashion to-day all over the world remaining in seven years until he was elected are not those in which their fathers and grand-Senator. He wanted the nomination last year fathers excelled. These gentiemen of the past, in the Second district, which is strongly Demoof thorough good breeding, find much to criticratic. but it was given to James F. Pierce, who was elected. In 1872 and 1873 Henry C. Mur-A well-bred man is quiet in dress, respectful phy represented the Fourth district. Had to women, kind to the weak, helpful to the feeble. He may not be always an especially generous or effusive man, but good breeding

John C. Jacobs gone into the Senate one term sooner his district would have tied the Westchester district. As it is, he beats Judge Bobertson in the number of consecutive terms, as he has six to Robertson's five. Jacob Worth has been Senator only twice, which is not long compared with John C. Jacobs's term, but he was a Brooklyn Assemblyman nine times.

In contrast with districts like the Fourth and Twelith are the First and Eighth, that have not had the same men twice since Twood's time, and the Third and Tonth, that have had a different Senator every time since the last sime, and the Third and Tonth, that have had a different Senator every time since the last supertionment. The Fourteenth district has redicted no Senator, but Henry C. Connelly and Addison P. Jones have served two terms. This is a close district, and the Democrate carry it occasionally. The Dutchess county district the Fifteenth has been almost as changeable as the Long Island district and the Eighth New York district. Eight men have served the last nine terms, Stephen H. Wendover being the only man who was redicted.

Generally speaking, the rural Republican districts are represented in the Senate by fewer men than the city districts. In the rural districts, where a Republican monination moans an election, the Senator and the Congressman are county leader takes it every time it comes his way. For example, E. L. Pitts is the Republican leader in Orleans county, which is joined with Monroe in a Senate district. He was Senator in 1830-1, 1882-3, and 1886-7. In the other yeaves a Monroe county man had it. In the Twenty-seventh district Ira Davenport of Steuben county went to the Senate twice, and Jay Sloat Fassett of Chemung county has represented the district there is a similar rotation. Franklin W. Tobey, William W. Bookwell, Shepard P. Bowen, and Rowland C. Kelloggeach serving two torms. Clinton, Essex, and warren are the counties of this Senate district In the Twenty-seventh district John H. Lekreg Edwin G. Holbert, and Edward B. Thoma have each served two terms.

One of the most constant of the rural districts is the Twenty-sixth, which includes the counties of Onondaga and Orthand. Dennis McCarthy represented this district for five terms, until he died, and Francis Hendricks, the present Senator, is serving his second term. The county of Onondaga has was a Brooklyn Assemblyman nine times.
In contrast with districts like the Fourth and
Twelfth are the First and Eighth, that have pride is to do that which he owes to himself. pride is to do that which he owes to himself, even if he have no distinction.

It is the absence of this air of "distinction" which Matthew Arnold noticed and criticised. There are fashionable men who have a bored expression when a lady speaks to them, who selfishly take the best seat, and are like bears in modern society. Like bears, they can only be propitiated by sweets. You see such a young man at the Casino, at Newport, refrain from rising to give his chair to a married lady, perhaps his mother's iriend; such men lack distinction. To see a man callivate a brutal manner, as in laughing at some unlucky accident on the lawn tennis ground, to notice the thorough selfishness which governs his conduct, would be to despair of the world, did not one see in the next house some better bred man, although with not such fashionable surroundings. The trouble is that the first man has no cultivation. The breeding that he should have received at home has been rubbed out by the seltishness of his surroundings. Mothers, perhaps, have been more busy trying to secure a rich match for their soes than to make them thorough gentlemen. They have heard money, money, money taked from morning until night. The worship of wealth injures good manners.

It is to be feared, too, that at the colleges the heard money, money, money talked from morning until night. The worship of wealth injures good manners.

It is to be feared, too, that at the colleges the pursuit of athleties is injuring study, and that the old fashions are about wiped out. The men are talking of rowing, of their societies, of the bail match, the race course, and the opera bouffe, instead of discussing an ode of Horaco or an essay of Macaulay. Any talk about literature is considered affected, and the man who should introduce it would be voted a muff. A term full of reproach is used for the college man who studies; he is considered a "dig." Then cultivation, which is a very certain parent of good manners, is left out of the training of our young men. Although athletics are good, they may be overdone.

No wonder an Oxford scholar finds such men lacking in "distinction." In England the "gentleman" is a man who is at once powerful at the our and good at florace; he does not leave out the latter evenif is can kick a ball.

The men of our army and navy are always men of good manners; they have had a repressive training; they have conquered themselves.

An American gentleman should have the best manners in the world, for he need never be subservient; he has nothing to crush him; he can always afford to be polite. No man knows a master excepting himself; no one need grovel; no man need be a shob, but every man should be a gentleman.

The old adage that it takes three genera-

satisent to has, at thing to crush hins it can always about to be spite. No man know to can always about to be spite. No man know to make a beat beat to be seen to make a beat beat to be seen to make a beat beat to be seen to make a pentioning is constantly being man and the seen to be seen to make a pentioning is constantly being man and the seen that the seen that the seen to make a pentioning is constantly being man and the seen that the seen